In Recital

Sonya T Eagles, soprano

Candidate for the Master of Music degree in Voice

assisted by

Janna Olson, piano
John Brough, harpsichord
Neda Yamach and Elly McHan, violin
Andrea Kipp, viola
David Eggert, cello

Sunday, April 13, 2003 at 2:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From *Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht*,
BWV 211 "Kaffeekantate" (1732) — Johann Sebastian Bach
Heute noch, lieber Vater, tut es doch — (1685-1750)

Nulla in mundo pax sincera — Antonio Vivaldi
Mottetto per soprano, due violini, viola e basso RV 630 — (1678-1741)

I. Nulla in mundo pax sincera
II. Blando colore
III. Spirat anguis
IV. Alleluia

John Brough, harpsichord
Neda Yamach and Elly McHan, violin
Andrea Kipp, viola
David Eggert, cello

Vocalise — Andre Previn (b. 1929)

David Eggert, cello
Janna Olson, piano

Intermission

From *Italienisches Liederbuch* (complete 30 April 1896) — Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

1. Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen
2. Nein, junger Herr
3. Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld
4. Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen
6. Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr

From *Twelve Poems* by Emily Dickinson (1951) — Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

3. Why do they shut me out of Heaven?
5. Heart, we will forget him
9. I felt a funeral in my brain
10. I've heard an organ talk sometimes
11. Going to Heaven!
1. The Chariot

From *One Touch of Venus* — Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

I'm A Stranger Here Myself

Janna Olson, piano

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Eagles.

Ms Eagles is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Graduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Texts and Translations

Heute noch, lieber Vater, tut es doch/Today even, dear Father, see to it
Today even,
dear father, see to it!
Oh, a husband!
Really, that suits me splendidly!
If it could only happen soon
that at last, before I go to bed,
instead of coffee
I were to get a proper lover!

Nulla in mundo pax sincere/There is no true peace in the world
I.
There is no true peace in the world
without bitterness; in you, sweet Jesus,
it is pure and rightful.
Amoungst anguish and torment
lives the contented soul,
its only hope, chaste love.

II.
The world beguiles our eyes with alluring colours
and consumes our hearts with hidden wounds.
When it laughs, let us flee from it;
when it pursues us, flaunting its delights, let us shun it;
for by carefree conduct and amusements,
it would overcome us.

III.
The serpent slithers through flowers,
and whilst it shows the beauty of its colours
it conceals its venom.
The serpent slithers, but it conceals its venom.

But he who is dumbstruck
and insane with love,
will often lick it as if it were honey.

IV.
Alleluia.

Translation by DECCA

From *Italienisches Liederbuch*

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen/Now let us make peace, my dearest love
Now let us make peace, dearest love;
we have quarrelled far too long.
If you refuse, I will surrender to you:
how could we make war to the death?
Kings and princes make peace,
should not lovers crave it?
Princes and soldiers make peace,
should two lovers fail to do likewise?
Do you think what such great lords manage
could not be done by two contented hearts?

Nein, junger Herr/No, young sir
Oh no, young sir, this just won't do:
you will have to behave better than that.
You think me good enough for a workaday
sweetheart, do you?
But on holidays you look for something better.
Oh, no, young sir; if you carry on like that
your workaday sweetheart will give you notice.

Ihr jungen Leute, die ihr zieht ins Feld/You young men going off to war
You young men going off to war -
take care of my sweetheart!
See that he is brave under fire;
he has never seen battle before.
Don't let him sleep in the open;
he is so delicate, and might take harm.
Don't let him sleep out of doors -
it would be the end of him, he's not used to it.

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen/For a long time we have both been silent
For a long time we have both been silent -
and suddenly we found our speech again.
God's angels flew down
and brought back peace after war.
God's angel's flew down
and peace entered with them.
The angels of love came in the night
and brought peace to my breast.

Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr/I no longer eat my bread dry

I no longer eat my bread dry,
there is a thorn in my flesh.
In vain do I look right and left,
and find no one to love me.
If there were only a little old man
who loved and honoured me a little!
I mean an upstanding
worthy old man of about my age.
I mean to be quite frank,
a little old man of about fourteen.

Translations by S.S. Prawer from
"The Penguin Book of Lieder" 1964

From *Twelve Poems* by Emily Dickinson

3.

Why do they shut me out of Heaven ?
Did I sing too loud ?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
Just once more ?
Just see if I troubled them --
But don't shut the door !

Oh, if I were the gentlemen
In the white robes,
And they were the little hand that knocked --
Could I forbid ?

5.

Heart, we will forget him !
  You and I, to-night !
You may forget the warmth he gave,
  I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
  That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
  I may remember him!

9.

I felt a funeral in my brain,
  And mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
  That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,
  A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
  My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
  And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead, again.
  Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
  And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
  wrecked, solitary, here.

10.

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said,
Yet held my breath the while

And risen up and gone away
A more Bernardine girl,
Yet knew not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle.

11.
Going to heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, --
Indeed, I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to heaven! --
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown" ;
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it,
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth !
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

12. The Chariot
Because I could not stop for Death,
He kindly stopped for me ;
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality.

We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
And I had put away
My labor, and my leisure too,
For his civility.

We pased the school where children played
Their lessons scarcely done ;
We passed the field of gazing grain,
We passed the setting sun.

We paused before a house that seemed
A swelling of the ground ;
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.

Since then 'tis centuries ; but each
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward eternity.

Upcoming Events:

April

14 Monday, 3:00 - 4:30 pm
Lecture
"What is the role of the composer
in society today?; Artistic activism
in wartime"
with Distinguished Visitor
Marc Couroux
Free admission

15 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Exploded Recital
Marc Couroux, piano
Distinguished Visitor
Works by Bashaw, Brégent, Couroux, Godin, Ristic

16 Wednesday, 3:00 - 4:00 pm
Video Presentation ***Rockford***
by **Marc Couroux**
Distinguished Visitor
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building 2-7
Free admission

17 Thursday, 10:00 am - 1:00 pm
Piano and Composition Masterclass
with Distinguished Visitor
Marc Couroux .
Studio 27, Fine Arts Building 2-7
Free admission

17 Thursday, 3:00 - 4:30 pm
Lecture
"On the expansion of concert ritual and
the development of a new performative ethic"
with Distinguished Visitor **Marc Couroux**
Free admission

29 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
Doctor of Music Recital
Bianca Baciu, piano
Chamber Music
Free admission

May

14 Wednesday, 8:00 pm
Doctor of Music Recital
Magdalena Adamek, piano
Free admission

24 Saturday, 8:00 pm
Frank Ho, violin
Alexandra Munn, piano
Works by Schubert, Falla
and Wieniawski
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

department of Music

Unless otherwise indicated
Admission: $5/student/senior, $10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).